

## SENSIBLE ROYALTY.

The Maharajah of Kapurthala Requires No Official Escorts.

### HERE TO SEE THE UNITED STATES

And He Has No Use for Regimental Escorts—They Are Nuisances—The East Indian King Who Has Just Arrived to Visit the World's Fair a Man of Education and Refinement—While in America He Wants to Do As Americans Do.

New York, July 25.—"I don't want any official or social formalities over my visit," said the royal Maharajah of Kapurthala in his room at the Waldorf Hotel yesterday afternoon. "I came here to see America and its people—I mean the real people whose industry and labor make your nation grand and powerful. I have no use for regimental escorts. They are nuisances—all vanity."

The above remarks, spoken by the royal visitor to a reporter, prove that the maharajah has sound democratic tendencies. He is a great admirer of America and its people, and he told the reporter yesterday that he would gratefully appreciate a book that would give him a short and concise study of the republican system of government. Considering the fact that his highness is a finely educated gentleman and in a measure a force in East Indian politics, his opinion was asked on the silver question in that country.

"It is five months ago since I left India," he said, "and consequently I am a little out of touch with the financial events which have taken place since I left. The silver question is a very serious one, and I would not like to talk lightly or superficially on the subject. I was invited a couple of weeks ago by the gentlemen of the London chamber of commerce to deliver an address before them on the Indian aspect of the silver question. I had to decline, because I should require a week's study to be able to go into the subject in all its details. I don't like to generalize, because the silver question is both intricate and serious—especially at present—to the national welfare of your country."

"Which is preferred in your country, gold or silver?" was asked. "Gold," was the short reply. "Of course there are two sides, and I don't fully understand the American phase of the question. I'd rather not discuss it at present. Wait until I am in your country a few weeks longer. I am greatly impressed by your people so far."

### "THE FRENCH ARE WRONG."

When asked his opinion on the present difficulty between France and Siam he dismissed the subject with the simple remark: "The French are wrong."

The maharajah has his own cook, who dresses in his picturesque yellow tunic and turban. All his highest food is cooked in tin vessels. The maharajah has scientific reasons for this. He eats all kinds of meat except beef. When asked why he made beef an exception he said: "In our country the ox is sacred. In the Hindoo religious belief oxen are supposed to contain the souls that once inhabited human bodies. But aside from this reason the ox is a valuable animal. The cow gives us milk and it is wrong to destroy it."

The maharajah's religious beliefs thoroughly conform to the scientific religious theories that are in vogue at present among those who style themselves advanced thinkers. He accepts God as an infinite principle of love or light that reveals itself in material forms of beauty in nature. He is a profound student and keenly enjoys a good joke or a clever bit of repartee.

Yesterday while Lieutenant-Colonel Massey, the English army officer who accompanies the party, was boasting of the greatness of the British Empire, he said: "Our possessions are everywhere. Our territory extends around the entire globe—in fact, the sun never sets on the British Empire!"

"The reason for that," said the maharajah with a merry twinkle in his eyes, "is because God would not trust an Englishman in the dark."

Of course he didn't mean it, but the royal joker couldn't miss such an excellent chance for a bright bit of repartee at the colonel's expense.

The maharajah was a great friend of the late Prince Albert Victor, and once entertained him in his native Kapurthala by tiger hunting and pig sticking, the favorite royal sport.

"I expect to see considerable pig sticking in Chicago," he said, "but I don't expect it will have all the wild excitement that it has in India."

### A FORTUNATE MISTAKE.

When asked his opinion on Columbus he said: "The discovery of America was a very fortunate mistake. Columbus, I understand, was looking for my country, but discovered this instead. His mistake was very fortunate indeed."

"Especially for the Irish," put in Lieutenant-Colonel Massey, who, by the way, declared that he is an Irishman from Tipperary. To illustrate the difference between the English and American newspapers Colonel Massey told the reporter that to get in a London daily a few lines announcing the departure of the maharajah for America, for the benefit of his numerous friends there, the sum of one guinea had to be paid.

"It speaks well for the generosity of Americans," remarked his royal highness.

The maharajah remained in his room all day. He spent the afternoon dictating letters to his secretary, Mr. Dauter Ram. He also received a few visitors, including Mr. A. P. Somerville, an agent of Cook's tourists' excursions, who had charge of the royal party's trip to Manhattan Beach last evening, and also a self-afflicted little alleged custom house official and politician in general whose name could not be learned. This individual called in the afternoon without any invitation and forced himself upon the party under pretense of being officially appointed by the federal government to attend to the welfare of the royal visitor. He disguised the maharajah and party by telling them how un-American were the people of this city and how closely allied were they to the English people. He then launched forth into a tirade against the newspapers and gave his highness and party to understand that the local press did not voice the sentiments of Americans regarding royal personages. This fellow's vulgar sycophancy and bad taste greatly annoyed the maharajah and he looked worried. Afterward the same individual self-invited himself to accompany the party on their evening trip to Manhattan Beach.

Gives your pet dogs and cats Simmons Liver Regulator, when sick—it will cure them.

## A TERRIBLE WRECK.

World's Fair Excursion Train Goes Over an Embankment—Several Injured, Three Fatally.

Akron, Ohio, July 25.—A most serious accident occurred on the Pittsburgh & Western railway at Monroe Falls, about seven miles north of here at 5:30 this morning. The second section of a Baltimore & Ohio excursion train, loaded with excursionists bound to the World's Fair, was thrown from the track by the spreading of the rails and three of the day coaches, loaded with passengers, rolled down a fifteen foot embankment, and two others were derailed. Twenty-one persons were seriously injured, three of them fatally.

A number of doctors from here went to the scene of the wreck and did all in their power to allay the suffering of the injured. As speedily as possible they were conveyed to Akron and all are being cared at the city hospital.

If reports are true the accident was due to negligence on the part of those whose business it is to keep track in repair. The train was going around a sharp curve when the accident occurred, and was due to defective ties at this point.

The names of the injured are: Henry F. Pyle, Philadelphia, back sprained.

N. P. Brier, Coalville, Pa., serious cut in head.

William Narrow, Philadelphia, head cut and back hurt.

Louis Sternbach, Baltimore, Md., left leg cut and bruised.

James E. Muse, Baltimore, Md., back sprained.

Frank White, Lafayette, Pa., slightly cut.

Mrs. Eliza White, Lafayette, Pa., shoulder dislocated.

I. N. Morelock, Washington, D. C., severe scalp wound.

E. O. Steas, Venice, Va., back injured.

Wm. Hunt, Baltimore, Md., back injured internally and head cut.

J. R. Allen, Baltimore, Md., arm and ribs broken.

W. A. Mode, Washington, D. C., back injured.

A number of others were less seriously hurt.

## TREASURY CLERKS.

Secretary Carlisle Getting Ready to Fill the Department With Democrats.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 25.—Secretary Carlisle intends to weed out clerks in the treasury department. He began operations yesterday by dropping six clerks from the rolls. Others will be dropped from time to time as they are reported by the chiefs of the divisions.

These vacancies will be filled of course through the civil service commission, and in doing so it is the intention of Secretary Carlisle, everything else being equal, to give preference to Democrats.

It is stated that less than 10 per cent of the clerks in the treasury are Democrats. A number of reductions and promotions were also made yesterday in this department.

## Consecrated Bishop Conductor.

NASHVILLE, TENN., July 25.—At noon today, at Sewanee, Rev. Thomas Frank Gailor, S. T. D., was consecrated as the bishop conductor of Tennessee.

The services, which were of a very impressive nature, were witnessed by a large number of clergymen and lay members of churches here and elsewhere.

The commission of bishops included Bishop Quintard, of Tennessee; Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky; and Bishop Mason, of Georgia. Rev. George W. Seymour, D. D., LL. D., bishop of Springfield, preached the consecration sermon.

## Three Trainmen Killed.

MORGANFIELD, KY., July 25.—A terrible wreck occurred on the Ohio Valley last night about 12:30 o'clock, three miles from this city. Freight train No. 10, loaded with through freight, was derailed and afterward burned. Three lives were lost—Robert Van Dorn, engineer; Frank Throckold, fireman, and Marion Davis, head brakeman. Their bodies were burned to a crisp.

## Cholera in Italy.

ROME, July 25.—Notwithstanding the official denials of the Italian government of the reports that cholera had appeared in Italy it is known that the disease is prevailing in Alessandria, capital of the province of that name in Piedmont. Many cholera cases have been reported there and new cases are of daily occurrence. The disease is not confined to Alessandria.

Cases are reported in a number of other places in Piedmont.

## Cholera in Smyrna.

ATHENS, July 25.—The Greek consul at Smyrna, Asia Minor, reports that five cases of cholera and two deaths from the disease have occurred there. The Greek government has ordered that all vessels arriving from Smyrna be subjected to an eleven days' quarantine.

## Headache and Dyspepsia.

William E. Rockwell, No. 512 West Fifty-seventh street, New York, says:

"I have been a martyr to bilious headache and dyspepsia. Any indiscretion in diet, overfatigue or cold, brings on a fit of indigestion, followed by a headache lasting two or three days at a time. I think I must have tried over twenty different remedies, which were recommended as certain cures by loving friends, but it was no use. At last I thought I would take a simple course of purgation with BRADFIELD'S PILLS. For the first week I took two pills every night, then one pill for thirty nights; in that time I gained three pounds in weight, and never have had an ache or a pain since."

Disease in one part of the body will eventually fill the whole body with disease. Every year or two some part of the system grows weak and begins to decay. Such part should be removed at once, and new matter be allowed to take its place. There's no need of cutting it out with a surgeon's scalpel. Purge away the old, diseased and worn-out parts with BRADFIELD'S PILLS.

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## MODERN MIRACLES.

### DEATH STAND BACK.

Statement of Prominent Indianians.

Man's greatest study from the cradle of humanity to the present hour has been to find something which would prolong life and perpetuate health. In front of every soul, from the cradled babe to the tottering sire, lies the grave, whose yawning jaws encompass every inch of life's circle, and consequently, at some period in this circuit, death is reached, and to many along this journey are aches and pains, diseases of flesh and bone, of blood and fibre, nerve and brain.

"On, that I might live always here," said Confucius' preceptor. "Oh, that these pains might leave me," said Plato. Poor Merchandise, "Oh, that this eating sore might be healed. Rochkeas, "If my paralyzed legs would only move." And such has been the repeated cry and wall throughout the earth at all times and in all ages.

Youthful Solon cured the sick of all incurable diseases. No pestilence stood in his way, no disease defeated him, but in his work of love he died young, and again the black pall of sickness and sorrow, death and mourning, hearse and funeral shaded the fair Nile. Perseus, Ceylon, India and twice Europe have had their wonders who cured the incurable of almost every disease or pain. But they died without imparting their secrets of power, and man comes and goes as before, life continues a succession of cradles and graves.

Many scientists believe we are nearing the end of this dark history; that life will soon be perpetuated indefinitely on this earth arm in arm with health.

In my investigation of those things my attention has been called to the work and the seeming miraculous cures and supernatural examinations of a physician in Boston, Mass.

The eastern world has been frequently excited over his miraculous cures. I have for years watched his work, and recently investigated carefully, and from what I have seen and ascertained (and this is what anybody can readily find out) I give it as my cool and deliberate opinion that in the treatment of the supposed incurable chronic troubles he is absolutely master, that he handles them as readily as a mother would her babe, and toys with most forms of death as a child would its rattle. As strange as it may sound, I can truthfully say I have seen death walk out of the room as he entered. I have seen him approach the deathbed when the life of the patient was connected with this earth by a few breaths only, and in a few minutes the patient was out of danger and on the road to health.

In the spring of 1880, the president of the Pennsylvania railroad telegraphed this physician from Portland, Me., that he was suffering excruciating pain from rheumatism of the heart; that nothing did him any good. As quick as a flash came the answer, in thirty-five minutes you will be well. In thirty-five minutes he was up and about free from pain. He told me of his cure a few weeks afterwards just as I have related it.

About twelve years ago this physician was called to Philadelphia, by telegram, to see the son of Bryon Woodward, who was dying with spinal meningitis. Mr. Woodward is a prominent lawyer, a man of means and a devoted father to his family. He had done everything to save the life of his child that money and effort could do. The best medical skill of the city had been watching at the bedside and had agreed in their opinion that the boy would die. Then it was that this doctor was hurried to the bedside. One member of the family said, as he entered the door: "You are too late, Dr. Flower, our poor boy has gone; he is just alive, that is all." A lady attendant remarked: "It is useless to try to do anything; death has him."

To this Dr. Flower replied: "DEATH MUST STAND BACK."

And putting a drop of something on the boy's tongue and placing his hand on his temples for a few minutes, he turned to the boy's mother and said: "Here is your boy. I give him back"—as the child opened his eyes, and said: "MAMA, MAMA."

In a few minutes Dr. Flower left the house. The boy improved rapidly and was soon well, and to-day he is a healthy, fine-looking young man.

These kind of things Dr. R. C. Flower, of Boston, has been doing for years, and the sick come to see him from all parts of the world, and are cured. Chronic cases frequently take months to cure, though many are cured almost instantly.

Eastern papers frequently speak of his miraculous cures. Dr. Flower disclaims anything miraculous in his cures—says his treatment is thoroughly scientific; that he understands his business and that he has every facility at his command this world affords to treat properly any case.

Possibly the strongest feature in Dr. Flower curing the sick when all others fail lies in the fact that he never treats a patient for the wrong disease. He possesses such a keen intuitive perception that he can detect disease as rapidly as he would read a book, and he never asks a patient to tell him his disease, but as soon as he sees his patient will tell him his trouble in detail without asking him a question.

I have seen him examine scores of patients, telling each one all about himself without ever being told anything. I have talked to hundreds of his patients, and they have all told me the same thing. Dr. R. C. Flower's ability to detect the interior condition of a man is as well established as that he lives.

It is no exaggeration to say that Dr. R. C. Flower does largely the chronic practice of the east. In fact the more important cases from all parts of the country are fast finding him out.

The question was asked in the columns of your paper a short time ago if Dr. Flower had many patients in Indiana, and what you knew of his cures in this section of the country. Following your instructions, I have investigated this matter, and let me say first, Dr. Flower has about 800 patients in Indiana, and they are among the very best people of the country. As to what Dr. Flower is doing in these western states I will let his patients speak for themselves.

Henry D. Posey, 613 Chestnut street, Evansville, Ind., is one of the foremost men in Southwest Indiana and Western Kentucky. When asked if he would tell what he knew of Dr. R. C. Flower, of Boston, said he would gladly do so, because he believed every sick man and woman should know of Dr. Flower.

"First," said Mr. Posey, "I consider Dr. Flower the greatest physician in all the world. I don't believe there was ever such a doctor, and doubt if there will ever be another, and I form my judgment from his work."

"I was a living skeleton when I went

to see Dr. Flower over a year ago. I could not eat anything, not even milk, without great distress. I had wasted to a shadow; I had given up hope and was given up. I resolved, as a very last resort, to consult Dr. Flower. I did so. He told me all my troubles without asking a question. Then I knew I was in the presence of a man who knew his business. I put myself under his cure. I improved immediately, and am around, well man to-day. You can say for me I believe he has no equal living."

Mrs. James E. Smith, of Corydon, Ind., said: "When I went to see Dr. R. C. Flower about a year ago I was suffering with a large advanced tumor. I had consulted and been treated by all the best doctors in this section of the country. They all advised an operation, and stated that unless I had one performed I would live but a few weeks, and it was by no means certain that an operation would help me. Dr. Flower told me all my troubles, their origin and growth, without asking me a question. He stated that in his opinion an operation would prove fatal; on the other hand, he believed I could be successfully treated and cured without an operation. I placed myself under his treatment and began to improve immediately; to-day I am a well woman—no tumor, no pain, strong and happy. I wish every sick person knew of Dr. Flower."

"I was a sufferer with consumption," said Mrs. John D. Becker, 103 John street, Evansville, Ind. "I had doctored with numerous physicians without relief. As a last resort" (and the lady laughed, as she added: "Dr. Flower is always the last resort.") "I went to see Dr. R. C. Flower. He told me all about my troubles without asking me to say a word. So pleased was I with the examination that I placed myself under his care. I began to improve immediately, and to-day am a well woman. Ten months ago I could do no work, could scarcely walk, spent my time lying down or in a rocking chair; now I can do any kind of work, walk as much as when I was a young girl. I cannot speak too highly of my physician," said this cultured and refined woman. "Dr. Flower is a great man, an honest, candid man. He is smart, quick and keen and wonderfully fascinating. I don't think the sick have any cause to fear if under his care."

Mrs. William Deakye, of Sheridan, Ind., said: "About a year ago I visited Dr. Flower. I was then helpless in a paralyzed condition; went on crutches whenever I went out. A terrible tumor increased my already abnormal size rapidly. I measured over three and a half feet around the waist, and over four feet from hip to hip. The disease had settled in one limb, and I had no use of it. I was also fast losing my eyesight. My nerves were shattered. I had no memory. Not one of my friends ever thought I could be helped. The physicians had given me up as incurable. Dr. Flower told me my troubles without asking a question, or how they came upon me. I took a course of treatment under him, and, thank God, I am to-day a well woman. Look at me—tumor gone, natural in size, sight restored, memory good, nerves like iron, no crutches—I can walk for a mile and not feel tired. Why, sir, I believe Dr. Flower to be the greatest man of his age. He is a marvel—a giant in his work. Several of my acquaintances he has cured in the same way. The people in Sheridan speak of this cure as wonderful and miraculous."

Mrs. Edward Riley, of Rossville, Ind., said: "Yes, I am glad to tell anyone what Dr. Flower has done for me. I had been a helpless invalid for years," continued this pleasing little lady, as smiles lit up her face. "I was helpless with what had been pronounced incurable heart trouble. I was a broken down wreck—could not walk and could hardly breathe. Every organ seemed diseased. I was a skeleton. As a last resort I was urged to consult Dr. R. C. Flower, of Boston Mass., as he had performed several wonderful cures, both here and in Frankfort, Ind. I went to see Dr. Flower during one of his visits to Indianapolis. I was carried in to see him. I had no hope. Without asking me a question he told all of my troubles, and from that moment I had every hope. I began to improve immediately after commencing his treatment, and here I am to-day practically a well woman, doing what I want to do and going where I desire. I have sent a great many patients to him, and they are all delighted. I never heard of any other doctor or man like him."

Mrs. Henry Clapper, of Seaford, Ind., said: "Dr. R. C. Flower, of Boston, was the ablest and most skillful physician this world has ever seen since the days of miracles," and to all this good lady stated her husband said among. "I had," continued Mrs. Clapper, "what several able physicians pronounced fibroid tumor. My size was monstrous and growing larger all the time, and I suffered excruciating pain. I also had catarrh and stomach trouble—an aggravated form of asthma, accompanied with nervous prostration. I had given up all hope of ever being cured, or ever being helped, when I read an account in an eastern paper of Dr. Flower's wonderful cures, and now, by sending two two-cent stamps to his address, No. 550 Columbus avenue, Boston, Mass., I would obtain, free of charge, a valuable work by Dr. Flower, entitled 'The Science of Health.' I sent for this book, which shortly came. As I read it I felt that he could help me. I felt I was under the influence of a great mind. And let me tell you, every sick person in this country ought to send to Boston and get this book. It is worth a fortune to every home. Well, to make my story short, about eight months ago I went to see Dr. Flower. He immediately told me all my troubles without asking a question. I put myself under his treatment. Look at me now—tumor gone, all other troubles gone. I am a well, happy, happy woman."

The most hopeless of the sick need have but little fear if Dr. Flower takes the case. He has no equal, and I don't believe ever will." Her husband said, if put upon his oath, he would have to say he was the greatest living physician, and, professionally, a giant among men.

These patients might be quoted by the hundreds, but enough has been said. I give you, Mr. Editor, their simple and unvarnished statements. They speak for themselves.

"Louder than sermons, And sweeter than songs."

The simple stories told by men and women (as prominent and reliable as the country affords), who would have been in their graves to-day had it not been for Dr. Flower.

I think I am safe in saying that if the patient is not in the last stages of disolution he can have every hope by going to see Dr. Flower. It makes but little difference to the doctor whether others have given up the case or not; his methods are peculiarly his own, and the more desperate the outlook the better he seems to like it. If he does not think he can cure his patient he frankly tells him so; but it will not average one in a hundred he has to give such sad news to.

Dr. Flower occasionally makes a visit to the west and south for the purpose of seeing his patients who cannot go to

Boston to consult him. It would seem, in the face of the evidence, that there can be no excuse for men or women suffering or dying with chronic diseases when this man can be reached. How Dr. Flower performs many of his cures I cannot explain, nor has he offered any explanation, but that he cures the most desperate cases, as death settles over the last closing avenue of life, is a fact which thousands will attest.

The late Governor Bishop, of Cincinnati, used often to say that in healing the sick Dr. R. C. Flower was inspired by God, that he was a medical wonder, a brilliant and fascinating gentleman.

Rev. J. W. Phelps (Presiding Elder), Pasadena, Cal., stated to a gathering of people not long ago at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, that Dr. R. C. Flower's work should be called modern miracles; that he was the most skillful physician of the age.—Toledo Blade.

CHINESE SMUGGLING Alleged to Have Been General in New York—An Investigation.

New York, July 25.—The Times says: The government has begun an investigation into the immigration of Chinese at this port. Extensive frauds are charged in the administration of the Chinese exclusion act and hundreds of Chinamen are alleged to have been smuggled in on fraudulent certificates, or on fraudulent certification of genuine certificates, by perjury and false impersonation.

As a result of three weeks preliminary investigation charges have been preferred to the secretary of the treasury against special deputy collector of customs, Joseph J. Couch, now acting collector, and also against Deputy Collector Gunner and Chief Clerk Thomas J. Dunn, of the marine division. This is the division which has charge of the Chinese who come here under the provisions of the Geary act.

The charges against these three officials are that they have been guilty of lax administration of their duties, and that although made cognizant of frauds in the entries of certain Chinese they allowed the Chinese to enter and escape against the protest of the Chinese inspector.

It is charged further that the late Chinese consul at this port and certain large Chinese merchants in Mott street were in league with some of the customs officers to smuggle in Chinamen by false impersonation. Large sums of money are said to have been made by this practice and divided among those in the deal.

Treason in Brazil. VALPARAISO, July 25.—A correspondent in Rivera telegraphs that the Brazilian government has unearthed a plot among some of the officers of the troops stationed in Sangamora to surrender that city to the revolutionists of Rio Grande do Sul. The plot was discovered just in time to prevent its execution and the officers implicated have been sent as prisoners to Porto Alegre. The correspondent adds that in an engagement near San Luis, the revolutionary